WEEKLY MONITOR.

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TO PLAN THE LABORS OF DOMESTIC EASE.....BENEATH THE SACRED SHADE OF GENTLE PEACE.
PLEDG'D TO NO PARTY'S ARBITRARY SWAY.....I FOLLOW TRUTH WHERE E'ER IT LEADS THE WAY.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH-DAY, ELEVENTH MONTH 3, 1804.

ESSAYS.

For the Weekly Monitor.

ON NOVELS.

It is asserted by some that Novels are useful publications—I know not on what principle their arguments are founded; but, probably, being influenced by their attachment to that brilliancy of stile in which subjects are so pleasingly pictured as is generally the case in novels—those passions of which the human mind is always more or less susceptible in the time of youth, being drest in artful language, captivating to the finer feelings of the soul, and speciously adapted to gratify the corrupt propensities of human nature, by which the imagination becomes tinctured with a prejudice in favor of the utility of such publications, in a greater or less degree, accordingly as the subjects treated of have been more or less experienced to affect the passions of the peruser—from this source, I suppose, the arguments in favor of their usefulness to mankind may have originated—that disposition being so predominant in the mind, of persuading ourselves that what is agreeable and pleasing is useful to us.

In the infancy of Novel writing, I believe they were composed with a view of promoting virtue and morality, and to point out the dangers attendant on the pursuit of the path of sensual pleasures, in the gratification of the corrupt passions and inclinations of human nature—and I have no doubt, but they might have contributed towards the benevolent design of their authors, in many instances—that virtuous dispositions received confirmation thereby, and the numerous snares and dangers to which the youthful mind is often exposed, were so plainly pointed, as to render them books of usefulness in guarding the morals of mankind, and forming the natural passions into those nobler virtues of the soul, which have in all ages rendered men honorable in society and useful to their fellow-creatures.

Such is the idea I have of the original design of writing Novels—but how shamefully this honorable design has been discarded by modern Novel writers, and instead thereof a very opposite motive has been adopted, and pursued, whereby the good effects originally contemplated have been frustrated, and the most pernicious consequences have ensued. How they have degenerated from the noble views of their ancestors, and rendered Novels not only as nuisances to virtue and morality, but dangerously prejudicial to the noble faculties of the soul, and destructive to the finer feelings of piety and virtue. This may be readily conceived by an unbiassed observer, with a little reflection on the condition and situation of a youthful mind; which at that period of life, is too seldom established in principles of virtue, invariably determined to seek after and attend to the dictates of truth and reason; and endued with judgment and discernment sufficient to discriminate between the good and the evil; to select the sweet from the bitter and gather honey from every flower—so as only to imbibe the principles of virtue without being contaminated with, and swallowing down the baneful poison of the seeds of vice—so blendid in artificial language and intermingled with delusive representations is the good that is said to be found in Novels.

In such a state of instability as is common in youth, the mind is easily biassed to wrong habits of judging and determining between things and things; and hence Novels not only pollute the imagination of young people, but likewise give them false ideas of life, of the social duties, and even of virtue itself; which often makes them act improperly and indiscreetly in important concerns, owing to the romantic turn of thinking and judging, which they imperceptibly imbibe from the reading of Novels.

Novels are generally, if not always, written in the most pleasing and cogent stile to excite the passions—in a stile the most artfully adapted to agitate the feelings of the mind, and gilded with the most beautiful decorations that language is capable of, for that purpose; hence it becomes impossible for a youthful mind, fir'd by various passions and inclinations, to read them without feeling some emotion or agitation of those passions which they find exhibited in the performance congenial to their own.—And when the powers of the mind are thus affected, it cannot be supposed it is in a situation so capable of discerning between good and evil, useful and hurtful things, as when it is free from such sensations, and calmly inclined—it necessarily follows, that it must therefore be more or less deprived of that candor of judgment, which maturer reflection and attentive consideration might produce.

From the pleasing stile, and brilliant description of the various intrigues and occurrences related in Novels, the curiosity is immediately excited and quickly raised to such a pitch, that when a person has once begun the reading of a Novel, or only accidentally taken it up, he is loth to quit it till the whole is read—the chain

of occurrences and relation of different circumstances being so connected, that unless the whole be read, the reader is left in an anxious suspence—still wishing to inform himself of the end of the story, and the fate of the subject. Thus one novel being ended, the mind is prepared to begin another with the same or increasing avidity and curiosity, and in proportion with the increase of a passion for reading Novels, an aversion to reading of a more improving nature will gather strength.

It is advanced in support of the utility of reading Novels, that there are many good sentiments dispersed in them—I believe these good sentiments are often, if not mostly, very few, and render Novels still more dangerous and hurtful. From what has been observed before, the mind being rendered incapable of selecting these good sentiments from those that are pernicious, yet laying hold of these as an argument that the book contains no harm because they find good sentiments therein, are naturally thrown off their guard, and thence led to conclude there is no danger of receiving injury by such amusements; thus they drink in the baneful seduction with pleasure, till it produces such an infatuation that the palate becomes vitiated and callous—and an opinion is adopted that Novels are the most useful publications, because most pleasing to their taste. Besides, when good sentiments and virtuous principles are mingled with seducing arguments, it requires more skill and discernment than is generally found in youth, even when their passions are not excited or inflamed, to separate the good from the bad, they are so nicely interwoven together.—And as the mind is naturally prone to evil more than good, so these good sentiments seldom make much impression, or revive in the mind afterwards so as to be retained—the sensations being so entirely effaced and destroyed by those pernicious and alluring representations, having so much stronger influence on the mind, and recurring more frequently to the memory, and there retained with pleasing retrospection and lively imagination: by which they make so much deeper impression, and occupy much more of the attention and study.

It is an old maxim, and perhaps a true one, that "people are known by the company they keep."—If it be granted that the company a person is used to, has an influence on his conduct and opinion, and that the frequent hearing of loose, vain or wicked conversation has a natural tendency to prepare the mind for the admittance of vain or vicious ideas or corrupt imaginations, it cannot be denied but that the perusal of books replete with scenes of lasciviousness, and licentious indulgence, where love is mostly the theme, and intrigues the business of the parties, cloth'd with animated description, lively dialogue or interesting sentiments, is much more dangerous and corrupting to the mind. For a heart not yet hardened in vice would be shocked at the rehearsal of such scenes of lewdness, whereas the warm and unreserved representation painted in a Novel would be read in private without exciting such emotions or disgusting sensations, and could hardly fail of leaving impure traces on the memory, which would be strengthened and increased by the frequency of perusal and recurrence to the mind, by which the quick feelings of modesty, which "form at once the ornament and safeguard of innocence," will be gradually worn away, and effaced; and instead thereof, that boldness and licentious impudence which characterizes the most degraded class of mankind, will be predominant.

There is yet another consequence too important to be overlooked.—In Novels, characters which never existed and which never can exist are often painted with all the luxuriancy of fancy that the wit and invention of the most brilliant genius could produce. Images thus dress'd up naturally lead the minds of unguarded youth into a kind of fascination, whereby the senses become benumbed to the feelings of virtuous impressions, and unarmed against the impulses of a passion, the most powerful of all those which agitate the human heart.—"Hence the study of Novels frequently causes a susceptibility of impression, and a premature warmth of tender emotions, which, not to speak of other possible and even probable effects, have been known to betray young people into a sudden attachment to persons unworthy of their affections, and thus to hurry them into marriages terminating in unhappiness."—Hence also expectations are formed in some, of enjoying a state of happiness and tranquility in a married life, which from their libertine dispositions they never arrive at, but afterwards find by fatal experience, that they had grasped at a shadow, and so spend their days in diappointment, vexation and remorse.

Again, Parents are often described as cruel and obdurate to their children, thwarting and restraining their inclinations, and children are represented as inventing numberless ways and artful stratagems of deceiving their watchful parents and real friends, on purpose to indulge themselves in the road to ruin and destruction.—Hence a disposition to elude the tender care and counsel of parents, whereby many children have been brought to infamy and disgrace, families ruined, and parents brought to an untimely end with a broken heart.

Thus by reading Novels, young people are taught arts and habits ultimately destructive to themselves and others, which they never would themselves have tho't of—their minds become tainted with wrong ideas, and a wrong train of thinking, by which their principles become corrupted, and their judgments perverted; can it then be any wonder if their maturer age is bent in the pursuit of trifles, or vicious indulgences, or else wasted in profaneness, gloomy melancholy, moroseness and discontent?

Hitherto I have treated the subject chiefly in a moral point of view, and have endeavored to shew by fundamental arguments, that Novels are incompatible with the laws of virtue and morality, and ought therefore to be rejected as pernicious to the community. But were I to point out their repugnancy to the Christian Religion, I know not to what bounds it might extend, but certainly much too far for the present Essay, which I shall therefore close with an extract from the Critical Review on the effects of modern Novels on the minds of the fair sex, which is also pertinently adapted to mankind in general who read Novels. "We sincerely lament," say they, "that the good sense of our fair country women should be perverted, their natural sensibility polluted, and their taste corrupted by the trash that issues from the press in the form of Novels, tales and romances. Where there is one work of this kind calculated to give young people tolerably correct notions even of living manners, much less of human nature and the discipline of the passions, on which our happiness and principles of virtue so much depend, there are a hundred that serve eventually to sap the foundations of social duty, and spread over every faculty of the mind the "sickly hue" of morbid sensibility and intellectual weakness. Besides, the wretched cant of language that pervades this species of writing, where every thing is affected and nothing

felt, where the same exaggerated description of distress, and the same ready-made hyperboles are introduced, whether the subject be a lap-dog or a human being, is truly disgusting."

EMENTUS.

FOR THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

SEDUCTION.

The man who lays a snare to entrap innocence, however shielded by the specious names of gallantry or gaiety of disposition, is a friend and a monitor that should be shunned and detested by society.

View thyself seducer! what art thy triumphs? Thou hast perhaps destroyed the fairest blossom of nature—planted the thorn of never-ceasing woe, in the bosom of one who loved thee—who had trusted thee; one, who perhaps had formed the tenderest wishes for thy welfare; one who prized life, but as thy happiness was centered in it; who thought to have named thee by the most endearing of titles: *expectation miserably disappointed!* Unfortunate girl! the man whom thou hoped one day to have called by the fond names of friend, husband, or protector, has proved thy bitterest enemy—thy cruel destroyer.

As the rose that blushes in the garden, if plucked by the hand of the wanton spoiler, is thrown under foot, neglected and forgotten. Alas! like unto it art thou, child of simplicity! Thy innocence has issued in thy ruin: and *he who once vowed eternal fidelity to thee*, by *him* art thou forsaken and viewed only as an object of contempt.

Yet wretch! how canst thou view thyself as her superior? From whence the guilt that sinks her below thy level? It was from loving thee and trusting thee—this was her guilt, her shame. Betrayed, perhaps, through love, to a momentary weakness (which the better principles of her heart condemn) thy labors are accomplished—thou hast conquered; but poor and despicable the exultation.

"Amid the roses, fierce repentance rears
"Her masky crest: a quick returning pang
"Shoots through the conscious heart.."

She knew of no disguise and suspected none. Now, view the heart of the afflicted penitent! See the pangs which rend her strugling bosom! The thorn of anguish rankling at her heart, instead of innocence and cheerful gaiety—instead of that ease which arises from a knowledge of inward purity and worth, you see the conscious blush of shame, warm her palid cheek—trembling lest that all might read her crime. Stung when alone by keen reflection—tortured by the pangs of neglected love and lost innocence—contemned by an unfeeling world, she dreads solitude, whilst the society of the virtuous is a constant reproach; and at length having fallen a prey to sensations too acute, either sinks into an untimely grave, or buries recollection in the commission of new crimes.

Canst thou then, despoiler, behold the unhappy victim of thy desires, sink in the cold arms of Death, for relief from miseries of which thou art the cause? or see her plunge (by thee led to the brink) into the gulph of woe and infamy? Blush miscreant! and abhor thyself, whilst contemplating the deformity of thine own image; nor think the picture exaggerated.

Sad be the hour, in memory's page forlorn;
The cypress shade it, and the willow mourn;
When the fond maid, subdued in reason's trance,
Child of Desire, and Pupil of Romance,
Beneath the pensile palm, or aloed grove
Like Cleopatra, yields the world to love.
Poor is the trophy of seductive art,
Which, but to triumph, subjugate the heart;
Or, Tarquin like, with more licentious flame,
Stains manly truth to plunder female fame.
Life's deepest penance never can atone,
For hope deluded, or for virtue flown.
Yet such there are, whose smooth, perfidious smile
Might cheat the tempting crocodile in guile.
Thorns be their pillow; agony their sleep;
Nor e'en the mercy given, to "wake and weep!"
May screaming night-fiends hot in recreant gore,
Rive their strain'd fibres to their hearts rank core
Till startled conscience heap, in wild dismay,
Convulsive curses on the source of day!

R.

THE PASSENGER.—No. V.

Upon entering the inn, we found decent accommodations and a still house,—we soon discovered, however, that our quiet depended on the host, who was shortly after called out, on some business abroad. His absence was no sooner known, than such a clamor commenced by the children in an adjacent room, as evidenced the want of the father's presence. Each one, in endeavoring to raise his voice above the others, contributed all he could to the concert, which was accompanied with a treble by the mother's reiterated declarations, of "*Be quiet! "I'll tell your father. You Simon, be still, "I'll tell your father. Why Nathan! "what did you strike your brother for? "Well, I'll tell your father the moment he "comes in.*"

I sat amusing myself with observing the different effects which were produced upon my fellow passengers, by this farce. Disgust knit the brows of some, and laughter shook the frames of others, while placid contemplation dignified the countenance of the gentleman before mentioned; who, after a considerable silence, remarked to the lady, that in this music, *harmony* depended, he believed, on the father's voice.

In any other instance, said she, of a similar nature, I should find it difficult to preserve my patience, but, from the present example I receive pleasure.

How so madam?

Why, sir, here is a copious subject for animadversion, and I promise myself the pleasure and the benefit of your remarks to-morrow. He thanked her for the compliment, and observed that the remarks of an individual might amuse for the time, but could produce little advantage in society, until the tyrant *fashion* should be in a measure under the control of reason. It is with us too much a fashion, said he, to reduce the respectability, and depreciate the influence of your sex; that sex on whose management must depend, in a very great extent, the manners and the morals—consequently the happiness and the misery of the world at large.—Reason would dictate, therefore, that the influence and authority of your sex, on whom *so much* depends, should be supported by ours. It is also a fashion, too general I fear, for you to join us, in destroying your own influence. Witness the present example, where the mother, by transferring the whole domestic government to the father, does all in her power to render herself contemptible, her children perverse, and her husband tyrannical. In both these cases, reason and fashion are at warfare. I once, and only once in my life, said he, knew an instance of a father's governing his children, by threatening to tell their mother; barely mentioning the circumstance is sufficient to place him in that ridiculously contemptible light, in which every mother labors to place herself, who pursues the same course. Here, a sudden silence in the next room, announced the return of our host. We supped in peace and retired for the night.

While the driver was securing our baggage in the morning, a gentleman came up to the stage, who was acquainted with some of the passengers; by him we found that our agreeable companion was a physician, of whom good sense and observation, had made a moral philosopher; cheerfulness and good humor, a pleasing associate; integrity, a disinterested friend;

and, benevolence, a philanthropist. I shall henceforth distinguish him by the appellation of Doctor.

Upon resuming our seats, we found that the politician had left us, and that a woman had taken his place.—The Doctor introduced the continuation of his remarks, by observing that the numerous instances which were presented in our journey, of defects in government and education, would furnish him with abundant means of argument; which, by those facts, might be rendered more forcible and conclusive, than if he had been indebted to imagination for creating them.

For the want of rendering virtue and wisdom fashionable and honorable, said he, we are daily suffering a multitude of evils; but instead of attempting to enumerate them, I will confine my observations to those which have presented themselves to our notice in this short journey; commencing with the group of children whose advanced progress in pernicious habits, first introduced this conversation. You doubtless must have observed that the different appearances of those children evinced their belonging to families of very different standing in society;—the genteel figure, and neat dress of some, proved the care which had been taken of their persons, while their unbecoming language shewed the want of similar care respecting their morals. The slovenly guise and tattered garments of others, particularly the tallest one, were sufficient evidences of total neglect, had they been silent—but, had testimony been wanting, it was offered in their imprecations. The tall boy, whom I just mentioned, appeared to me to be the head of a gang, who had been swindling the others of their money, and was then engaged in swearing them into a patient acquiescence. Here was a gambling table in miniature, where avarice and fraud were inculcating the basest practices, while anger and revenge were brought forward as auxiliaries in the contest.—Scenes of this kind, in which the turbulent passions are, so early in life, called into effective operation, and cultivated by frequent exercise, leave us no room to doubt of the pernicious effects of evil associations, or of the original source of those public crimes, against which bolts, and locks, and laws, are but feeble barriers.

Most civilized states enact laws, in prohibition of profane swearing, and of gambling; but few, if any, descend to the *first introduction* of those practices, or direct their remedies to the source of the evil. Now if you sow noxious and useless herbs in your garden, or permit others to sow them, and then enact a law that no weeds should grow therein; what must be the extent or form of that law, to produce the effect for which it was written?

My law, said the lady, should first prohibit the *sowing* of weeds, and then enjoin the *extracting* of those which *might* rise, as soon as they made their appearance.

And this, said he, would be effectual, either in the natural or mental garden;—it would prevent vice and folly from stalking with unblushing front, among the rising generation, whence moral evil gains such ascendency in society.

Ah! said the woman who last entered the carriage, children *will* be children.

That is precisely what I wish them to be, replied the Doctor, and to assist in keeping them such, during minority, the ancients and moderns have furnished us with fables, to promote our endeavors in guarding them from acting like brutes. The fox and the goose, the lion and the ass, &c. were written for this express purpose; now no judicious parent would wish to see his child become the fox, the goose, the ass, or the lion. Frequent short sayings of a similar kind, which originated with the indolent, the ignorant, and the stupid, *to screen parental negligence*, were all that this woman could offer in the conversation. I shall therefore distinguish her by the name of *Mrs. Short Metre*.

[*Boston Weekly Mag.*

ON SELF INFALLIBILITY.

When we reflect on the strange blindness of man, which prompts him always to except himself, with respect to faults and failings which he allows to be truly charged upon every other, it fills us with astonishment; and yet, in the midst of this very astonishment, we again except ourselves from the absurdity which we impute to others; nor are we hurt by the practice of so weak a partiality, even when we reflect upon it. As to ourselves, indeed, we confess that it is absolutely contradictory to every rule of right reason; and yet we contend that it is natural, and therefore right. It is, like some others, a happy prejudice, which coincides with other imperfections of nature in its present depraved state; it preserves a general order, though of an inferior kind; or (if the metaphor may be allowed) keeps a weak and defective instrument in tune, by reducing all the notes to the same scale.

MISCELLANY.

Extract from BRYDONE'S LETTERS, *describing his "Tour through Sicily and Malta."*

After dinner our depute-consul (a Sicilian) carried us to several convents, where we were received by the nuns with great politeness and affability. We conversed with them for some hours through the grate, and found some of them by no means deficient, either in point of knowledge or sprightliness; but none of them had sincerity enough (which we more than once met with in Portugal) to acknowledge the unhappiness of their situation. All pretended to be happy and contented, and declared they would not change their prison for the most brilliant situation in life. However, some of them had a soft melancholy in their countenances, that gave the lie to their words; and I am persuaded, in a tete-a-tete, and a more intimate acquaintance, they would have told a very different story. Several of them are extremely handsome; but, indeed, I think they always appear so; and am very certain, from freqent experience, that there is no artificial ornament, or stupid embellishment whatever, that can produce half so strong an affect, as the modest and simple attire of a pretty young nun, placed behind a double iron grate. To see an amiable, unaffected, and unadorned person, that might have been an honor and ornament to society, make a voluntary resignation of her charms, and give up the world and all its pleasures, for a life of fasting and mortification, it cannot fail to move our pity;

"*And pity melts the mind to love.*"

There is another consideration which tends much to increase these feelings; that is, our total incapacity ever to alter her situation.—The pleasure of relieving an object in distress, is the only refuge we have against the pain which the seeing of that object occasions; but here, this is utterly denied us, and we feel with sorrow, that pity is all we can bestow.

From these, and the like reflections, a man generally feels himself in bad spirits after conversing with amiable nuns. Indeed, it is hardly possible, without a heavy heart, to leave the grate; that inexorable and impenetrable barrier.—At last we took our leave, expressing our happiness,

in being admitted so near them; but at the same time deploring our misery, in seeing them for ever removed at so unmeasurable a distance from us. They were much pleased with our visit, and begged we would repeat it every day during our stay at Messina; but this might prove dangerous.

From the Balance.

THE LIMNER.

MR. EDITOR,

As I intend to give you a faithful account of the most distinguished of my customers, I shall begin with A FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADY, who called last week at my shop for a full length picture. She was fashionably, and, I need not add, very expensively dressed. You may suppose, Mr. Editor, that I was not a little gratified at the appearance of such a customer. I sprung out of my chair and flew round the room, in such agitation, that I kicked over my easel, upset three gallipots, and came within a hair's breadth of dashing my old *Reflector* to pieces. At length, having every thing in readiness, I began the work. "Madam," said I, "will you part your locks on your forehead a little, that I may be enabled to see the colour and shape of your eye." "Oh, sir," said she, simpering, "you must paint the locks and the eyes as they are, because it is the fashion to wear the hair this way."—"It matters not what the fashion is," I replied, "for should I paint you with your hair in this situation, the eyes and the forehead, the finest part of the face would be wholly lost." I used many arguments to persuade her to remove this *shade* from her countenance, but all in vain. She persisted, and I was obliged to comply. After sketching the face, I proceeded downwards: The bosom was next to be copied. "What a pity," I exclaimed, "that this part is not concealed, instead of the forehead." A thousand singular ideas crowded into my imagination, as I reflected on this strange inconsistency in female fashion. I made no great haste, in performing this part of my task. I was so much taken up with gazing, that my pallet hung carlessly upon my thumb, and my pencil actually once fell from my fingers. This threw the young lady into some confusion. I apologized and proceeded. The shoulder and arm were next pourtrayed. In drawing the elbow, I found it necessary to heighten my flesh-colour to a deep purple; for although the skin of her face and bosom was uncommonly white and fair, her elbow was rough, high-colored and uncomely. "I think that is much too dark, Mr. Pallet," said she, casting her eye on the picture. "Not at all, madam," I replied, "pray compare it." She placed her elbow upon the canvass. "It injures the looks of the picture," said she. "Not more than it injures the looks of the *reality*, madam." She proposed to have the elbow covered with a glove. I approved the plan. Nothing now remained but the drapery. She was dressed in white muslin, very fine and transparent. My shop-door was open, and the wind blew back her gown, and exposed the shape of the joint vulgarly called the knee. My pencil, faithful to its duty, immediately threw on all the shades that were necessary to make the picture a true copy of the original. This called a blush into her face. I arose to shut the door. On again taking my seat, I observed that she had so disposed the folds of her gown that the shape of the knee was no longer visible. I took the hint, and instantly altered the picture. "Ah," said I, as she left the shop, "if all fashionable young ladies could have their uncouth and ridiculous modes of dress properly exposed, they would not hesitate to *strike them out of the picture.*

PETER PALLET.

CURSORY THOUGHTS ON MATRIMONY.

BY A SAILOR.

When a couple of fond, faithful lovers, launched by Hymen, sail through life prepared for all kinds of weather; when in every shifting part of the changeable years, they guide their vessel by the rudder of reason; when they carefully avoid the rocks of imprudence, and run no risques by a prohibited commerce; when they perfecly understand each others trim, and never make false signals nor hang out false colours; when they can tell to a hair, when to traverse or tack; to advance and to retreat; to preserve themselves steady though Syrens attempt to seduce, by well ballasted head, and secure their hearts against the topgallant delights of the age, which never fail to engage the freshwater fry; when they keep their rebellious passions under hatches, that they may not make a frightful explosion, and give a shock to the pillar of conjugal happiness; when they in every dispute, on the stern or the head, are never illmannered, though they are sometimes tenacious of their respective opinions; but by skilfully watching the tide, conduct their bark safely thro' the straits of contention; when they know, at all times how to regulate their behavior; to give a broad side, or to return a salute; when they cautiously avoid the shoals of ambition by which first rates and frigates are frequently demolished, when they cut their cables on being drawn into gaming, and scud away with all their sail spread, from the gulph of ruin, in which thousands, ten thousands are tumbled, tost, and totally destroyed: We may venture to say of this pair, that they make a very conjugal voyage through life, and stand a very fair chance to die in the harbor of felicity.

ADVICE TO APPRENTICES.

Action, we are assured, keeps the soul in constant health; but idleness corrupts and rusts the mind; for a man of great abilities may, by negligence and idleness, become so mean and despicable as to be an incumbrance to society, and a burden to himself. When the Roman historians described an extraordinary man, it generally entered into his character, as an essential, that he was *incredibila industria diligentia singulari*—"of incredible industry, of singular diligence and application." And Cato in Sallust informs the Senate, that it was not so much the arms, as the industry of their ancestors, which advanced the grandeur of Rome, and made her mistress of the world. Similar to which is the observation of Solomon—"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

ENVY.

He who filches from me my good name enriches not himself, but makes me poor indeed.

Envy is almost the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place; the only passion which can never lie quiet for the want of irritation; its effects are every where discoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impossible to mention a name which any advantageous distinction has made eminent, but some latent animosity will burst out. The wealthy trader will never want those who hint with Shylock, that ships are but boards, and that no man can properly be termed rich, whose for-

tune is at the mercy of the winds. The beauty provokes, whenever she appears, a thousand murmurs of detraction and whispers of suspicion. The genius suffers persecution from innumerable critics, whose acrimony is excited merely by the pain of seeing others pleased, of hearing applauses which another enjoys.

A USEFUL HINT.

The difference in rising every morning at six and eight, in the course of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would, amounts to 29,000 hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-one days, and sixteen hours, which will afford eight hours a day for exactly ten years; so that it is the same as if ten years life were added, in which we could command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds, or the dispatch of business.

Extract from a Speech delivered to the Legislator of Vermont, on the 13th of Oct. 1804, by Isaac Tichenor, governor of said State.

The flourishing and happy state of our country, which has been witnessed in years past, cannot but endear to us the republican principles and maxims on which its government is founded.—From recent events in Europe, it would seem that our country is the only place on this globe in which there is a prospect that the republican system can succeed.—Should that system here fail, in a time and under circumstances so favorable to its continuance, future generations must pronounce it impracticable. To preserve it among ourselves, we must guard against all intolerance, intrigue, party spirit, and party measures.—Our elections and laws must be made with the purest views and motives. When the representatives of the people are superior to the views and aims of party—when they steadily and unanimously pursue the public good, a ready obedience will be given to the laws, and a cheerful support to the government.

A spirit of disunion and the influence of faction in the legislatures, will produce disquietude among the citizens, and those measures which are not dictated by wisdom and prudence, can never find support.

Assembled from different parts of the State, you know the circumstances and interests of your constituents; while the greatest general good is your chief object, your united endeavors will guard the rights of individuals, and promote the present and future prosperity of all.

We copy the following very singular advertisement from the *Poughkeepsie Barometer* of the 2d ult. We think the advertiser discovers an uncommon spirit of generosity, by offering the *thief* a reward for his HONESTY.

[*Balance.*

"*Advertisement.*—The THIEF who took a Linen Shirt from a grass-plat, near the centre of this village, on the night of the 24th ult. will please to receive the cordial thanks of the *legal* owner, as there was at the same time, on the same plat, a considerable quantity of valuable linen and dimities, which the said thief was so *obliging* as to leave behind. And as a reward for his or her *honesty* in not taking the whole, FIVE DOLLARS will be paid to the person who took the shirt, on application to this office, and no prosecution commenced against them."

THE HAPPY PAIR.

A FRAGMENT.

It was a neat little cottage, by the side of the fields, a pretty looking woman, dressed by simplicity, Nature's handmaid, was laying the table cloth, and trimming up her little parlour; her looks were cheerful and serene, and with a pleasing voice, though wild and untutored, she sung the following stanzas.

Here, beneath my humble cot,
Tranquil peace and pleasure dwell;
If contented with our lot
Smiling joy can grace a cell.

Natures wants are all suppli'd;
Food and raiment, house and fire;
Let others swell their courts of pride,
This is all that I require.

Just as she had finished, a genteel youngman entered the gate, she ran eagerly to meet him.

"My dear Charles," cried she, "you are late to-night."

"I am weary, Anna," said he, leaning his head upon her shoulder.

"I am sorry for it, my love, but come, eat your supper, and you shall then repose upon my bosom, and hush all your cares to rest.

"If to be content is to be happy, my dear, said she, how superlatively happy am I. I have no wish beyond what our little income will afford me; my home is to me a palace, thy love my estate. I envy not the rich dames who shine in costly array: I please my Charles in my plain simple attire, I wish to please no other."

"Thou dear reward of all my toils," cried Charles, embracing her, "how can I have a wish ungratified, while possessed of thee I never desired wealth but for thy sake; and thy cheerful, contented disposition, makes even wealth unnecessary."

It is by no means necessary to happiness, said I, as I left the house. Charles and Anna seem perfectly happy and content with only a bare competence—I ask but a competence, cries the luxurious or avaricious wretch; this very exclamation convinces us, that a trifle is adequate to the wants of the humble, frugal mind, while thousands cannot supply the immediate desires of the prodigal, or satisfy the grasping disposition of the miser.

HOW TO PREVENT DWELLING-HOUSES FROM BEING HAUNTED.

Many people whose circumstances might enable them to enjoy even more than a common portion of domestic felicity, are rendered miserable, by reason that the houses they live in are *haunted*. A fiend of most frightful aspect, enters even their bolted doors, stalks through their kitchens, parlours, and bed-chambers, making frightful noises!—sometimes hoarse----sometimes shrill----overturning the chairs, tables, crockery, &c. and throwing every thing into confusion. The name of this foul fiend is *Domestic Discord*; and it is of that species of demons, which, when once having obtained strong possession, is almost impossible to be cast out.---Therefore I shall propose means to *prevent* the evil, rather than remedies for its inveterate stage of existence.

Before giving your hand in marriage, examine critically the character of the person with whom you propose forming this important connection; and prefer those qualities which will *wear well*, to such as are merely shewy. A fine face, a genteel air and figure, a charming voice, ready elocution, quickness of wit,---however attractive---are poor substitutes for sound sense cultivated by useful education, prudence, integrity, benevolence, together with the residue of the train of domestic virtues. Expect not unalloyed felicity in the marriage state. Such an unreasonable expectation must ever prove the parent of disappointment. If you

think your bride an angel, or that the man who gives you his hand in marriage, will through life act the part of a hero in romance, a few years, perhaps a few months or weeks, will show you your mistake ; and the never failing disappointment of such romantic expectations tends to produce coldness, alienation, and bitterness of mind. The Angels "neither marry, nor are given in marriage," this kind of contrast and relation is between mere mortals, who, at best, have some failings which must be overlooked or patiently borne.

As before marriage, you cannot be too critical, afterwards you can hardly be too candid in your judgment of each other. If you find some unexpected flaws in temper, or foibles in character, assiduously endeavor to cure them, not by reproaches, but by all the winning arts of prudence and benevolence ; or if they should prove incurable, bear them as much as possible with good humor.—Mean-while look stedfastly and chiefly on the bright side of character ; and see whether the good qualities do not balance or even outweigh the faulty ones. Your wife perhaps is peevish in her temper, and sometimes scolds ; but if she is neat, industrious, frugal, faithful to all your interests, you have more cause for self-congratulation than for murmuring.—Perhaps your husband is hasty and choleric—when he uses passionate expressions towards you, let not the law of kindness depart from your tongue, but requite them with mild and soothing words : if you be yoked with a fool, an habitual drunkard, or an unfeeling brute, all this will not avail, but if your husband be a man of understanding and sensibility of heart, by patience and good humor on your part, you will be able to calm the tempest and smooth the asperities of his mind.

Ever prize the *chain of domestic friendship* as the choicest of all your household furniture ; frequently examine every link ; if any should grow weak, strengthen it ; should any happen to gather rust, burnish it until its lustre be fully restored ;—so will you shun the grievous calamity of many, *that* of living in an *haunted* house.

SINGULAR COALITION OF ANIMALS.

"A gentleman travelling, about thirty years ago, through Mecklenburgh, was witness to the following curious circumstance in the post house of New Stargard. After dinner, the landlord placed on the floor, a large dish of soup, and gave a loud whistle. Immediately there came into the room, a mastiff, a fine angora cat, an old raven, and a remarkable large rat, with a bell about his neck.—The four immediately went to the dish, and, without disturbing each other, fed together ; after which the dog, cat, and rat, lay before the fire, while the raven hopped about the room. The landlord, after accounting for the familiarity existing among the four, informed the guests that the rat was the most useful of them, as the noise he made with his bell had completely cleared the house from the rats and mice with which it was before infested.

ANECDOTES.

A young gentleman, remarkably tall, being one day in the rooms at Bath, the Princess Amelia saw him, and asked who he was. Being answered respecting his name and family by a nobleman present, he added, "that the young gentleman was designed for the church."—"For the church, my Lord !" she cried with some surprize, "I should rather think for the steeple."

LOUIS XI. being told that the chancellor of Burgundy, Nicholas Raulin, who was a great professional extortioner, had at the close of his life founded a magnificent hospital, said : "That after having made so many thousands poor, it was but just that he should found a place to lodge them."

Mr. Pennant speaking of London, says, In walking along the street, in my youth, on the side next to the Fleet Prison, I have often been tempted by the question, *sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?* Along this most lawless space, was hung the frequent sign of a male and female hand joined, with "Marriages performed within," written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop, a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered plain night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin, or a roll of tobacco.—Our great Chancellor, Lord Hardwich, put these *demons* to flight, and saved thousands from the misery and disgrace which would be entailed by these extemporary, thoughtless unions.

HYMENEAL RECORD.

Come young and old to hymen's court repair,
The sweets of Venus will attend you there ;
While numbers to the sacred altar bow,
Will you neglect, despise the nuptial vow?

Married, on the 27th inst. Capt. *Henry Chew*, of the brig Charleston Packet, to Miss *Mary Curtis*, of New-Jersey.

On the 29th, *Robert M'Calla*, aged 70, to Mrs. *Sarah Smith*, aged 38, both of this city.

On the 30th, *Charles Minifie*, of Washington city, to Miss *Ann King*, of this city.

On the 30th, *Ralph Bowie*, Esq. of York, Pennsylvania, to Miss *Deborah M. David*, of this city.

To Readers and Correspondents.

Oliver Oddfellow's Budget has been received, some part of which has already been in the Weekly Monitor.—We wish, however, to encourage his communications, and we will select such parts of his Budget as may answer our purpose.

A Letter-Box is fixed at the window of this Office for the reception of Communications.

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POETRY.

MARIE ANTOINETTE's LAMENTATION,

IN HER PRISON OF THE TEMPLE.

By Mrs. Robinson.

WHEN on my bosom Evening's ruby light
Through my thrice-grated window warmly glows,
Why does the cheerful ray offend my sight,
And with its lustre mock my weary woes?
Alas! because, on my sad breast appears
A dreadful Record—written with my tears!

When awful Midnight with her Ebon Wand
Charms Nature's poorest, meanest Child to peace,
Why cannot I one little hour command,
When gentle Sleep may bid my anguish cease?
Alas! because where'er I lay my head,
A dreary couch I find, with wounding thorns o'erspread.

When the Sun, rising in the Eastern skies,
Awakes the feather'd race to Songs divine,
Why does Remembrance picture to these eyes
The jocund morn of life, that once was mine?
Alas! because in Sorrow doom'd to mourn,
I ne'er shall see that blissful morn return!

When I behold my darling Infants sleep,
Fair spotless blossoms, deck'd in fading charms,
Why do I start aghast, and wildly weep,
And madly snatch them to my eager arms?
Ah me! because my sense, o'erwhelm'd with dread,
Views the sweet Cherubs on their Funeral Bed!

Why, when they ope their eyes to gaze on Me,
And fondly press me in their dear embrace,
Hang on my neck, or clasp my trembling knee,
Why do maternal Sorrows drench my face?
Alas! because inhuman hands unite,
To tear from my fond Soul its last delight!

Oh fell Barbarity! yet spare awhile
The sacred Treasures of my throbbing breast;
Oh spare their infant hearts, untouch'd by guile,
And let a widow'd Mother's darlings rest!
Though you have struck your faulchions at the Root,
Oh! give the tender Branches time to shoot!

The Lightning, by the angry Tempest cast,
Strikes at the lofty Pine, and lays it low;
While the small Flowret 'scapes the deadly blast,
Awhile its od'rous breath around to throw!
Then let distracted Gallia's Lilies bloom,
Though but to deck with sweets a Dungeon's gloom!

Oh my poor Innocents! all bath'd in tears,
Like with'ring Lilies, wash'd with chillnig dews!
Sleep on! nor heed a frantic Mother's fears;
The Savage Tigers will not injure You!
Your harmless bosoms not a Crime can know,
Scarce born to Greatness—e're consign'd to woe!

When left forlorn, dejected, and alone,
Imperfect sounds my pensive Soul annoy;
I hear in every distant mingling tone,
The merry Bells—the boist'rous Songs of joy.
Ah! then I contemplate my loathsome cell,
Where meagre Grief and scowling horror dwell!

The City's din—the Tocsin's fateful sound—
The Cannon thund'ring through the vaulted sky—
The curling smoke, in colums rising round,
Which from my Iron Lattice I descry,
Rouse my Lethargic Mind! I shriek in vain,
My Tyrant Jailor only mocks my pain!

Yet bear thy woes, my Soul, with proud disdain,
Meet the keen lance of Death with stedfast eye;
Think on the glorious tide that fills each vein,
And throbbing bids me tremble not to die!
Yet shall I from my friendless children part?
Oh! all the Mother rushes to my heart!

Where'er I turn, a thousand ills appear,
Arm'd at all points in terrible array!
Pale, hoodwink'd Murder, ever lurking near,
And coward Cruelty, that shuns the day!
See! see! they pierce with many a recreant sword
The mangled bosom of my bleeding Lord!

Oh, dreadful thought! Oh agony supreme!
When will the sanguinary scene be o'er?
When will my Soul, in sweet Oblivion's dream,
Fade from this orb, to some more peaceful shore!
When will the Cherub Pity break the snare,
And save one victim from the last despair!

BENEVOLENCE.

BENEVOLENCE, thou attribute of Heaven;
Dear to the heart where virtue loves to dwell,
With voice as sweet as Philomel's at even,
Thou sooth'st the woes that virtue weeps to tell.

Thou most delightest in the humble poor;
Seldom are seen to join the splendor's train;
The poor have tears to give, alas! no more—
No more they have to soften mis'ry's pain.

Sometimes will wealth reserve for thee a place;
And then thy influence like refreshing show'rs,
Neglected merit from the dust doth raise—
Make genius blossom as the vernal showr's.

Pride, like a cloud, hangs round the scornful heart;
On it in vain kind pity darts a ray,
Her ray perhaps may litte warmth impart—
Glimmer a moment, but then fades away.

Let scorn, triumphant, with disdainful eye,
And sneer contempt'ous thee and pity view;
Bid all th' affections from her bosom fly,
And with her looks pierce poor misfortune thro'.

Still virtue's hope, the compass of the soul,
Direct my life through life's dark dreary road;
Thy precepts, like the needle to the pole,
Point us to immortality and God.

TO CHLOE.

In vain, dear girl, in vain I fly,
Resolv'd to shun both thee and love;
The matchless magic of thine eye,
Pursues me wheresoe'er I rove.

When mingling with the laughing crew,
From thee each glass its sweets receives;
Its sparkling brim, my raptur'd view
With thy ideal smiles deceives.

Or where the crowd of Beauty blaze,
Where pleasure prompts the wishful sigh,
And gives to the enamour'd gaze,
The panting breast, the wanton eye.

Where Love, his soft delights around,
With ever-sportive Fancy, throws,
Can one that boasts thy charms be found?
Or one like me, with love that glows?

Can Delia's form with thine compare,
Where virtue's self appears enshrin'd;
Can Mira boast a face so fair?
Or who, say, who, has got thy mind?

O Chloe! who thy beauty sees,
From love in vain, shall strive to flee;
For where can he e'er seek for ease,
Who finds all charms combin'd in *thee?*

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

BY MR. MOORE.

SEE how beneath the moon beam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then retires to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea,
And having swell'd a moment there,
He melts into eternity.

LINES

On hearing a number of gentlemen abuse an absent acquaintance.

O, SOCIAL beings! honor'd with a tongue,
Ne'er use a means so great to ends so wrong;
Wise to improve, as innocent to please,
With studious caution shun the dire disease;
So happiness shall flow from friend to friend,
And speech not deviate from its first great end,
Which nature, for our gen'ral good design'd,
Gave us a key t' unlock the generous mind.

Written extempore on a collection of bad

EPIGRAMS.

Since Epigrams all think some point should contain,
Or have to that name no pretence;
The author of these, marks some points very plain,
That he has neither genius or sense.

[*Boston Weekly Mag.*